

Superbiæ Flagellum,

OR,
THE VVHIP
OF PRIDE.

By IOHN TAYLOR.

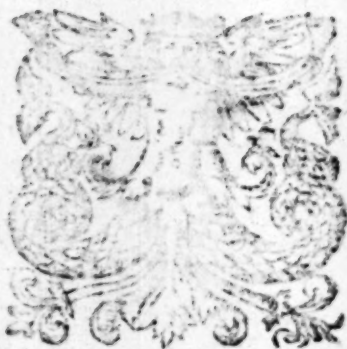


LONDON,
Printed by G. Eld: 1621.

Superior Flagellum

OR
THE V&H
OF PRIDE.

JOHN TAYLOR.



LONDON,
Printed by G. T. 1841.

To the Right Worshipfull, Worthy,
and Learned Gentleman, Sr. THOMAS
RICHARDSON Knight, Serjeant at Law,
and Speaker in the High Court of Parliament, &c.

A double Ana-
gramme. { THOMAS RICHARDES ONN.
AS MAN HONORDE CHRIST,
SO CHRIST HONERD A MAN. }

YOur name includes, that *As man honorde Christ,*
So God againe through Christ honor'd a man:
For if man truly honor the most High'st
Then Christ to honor man both will and can.
Right worthy Sir, this in your name is true,
You honor Christ, and Christ hath honor'd you.

R I G H T W O R S H I P F V L L,

BUt that I am assured that your Noble
disposition, in all parts is sutable to the
inside of this Booke, I should neuer haue
dared to Dedicate it to your Patronage:
for as it is a *Diuine Poem*, so hath your
Worship a religious heart, as it hath an honest intention,
so haue you a brest euer full of such thoughts, which
bring forth worthy actions: as it a *Whip or Scourge*
against all sorts of *Pride*, so haue you euer beene an
unfaigned louer of *Courteous humanity and humility*,
I humbly beseech your Worship, (although the methode
and stile be plaine,) to be pleased to giue it fauourable
entertainment, for the honesty that is in it, and the duti-
full affection of the Author,

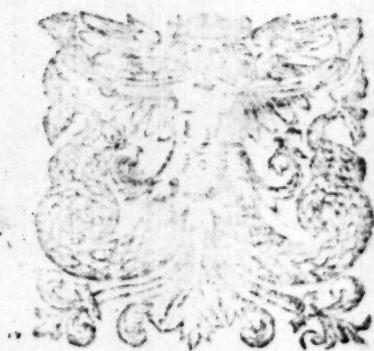
Who is most obsequiously obliged to your Worship,

JOHN TAYLOR.

Superbia Flagellum

THE WHIP
OF PRIDE.

JOHN TAYLOR.



LONDON:
Printed by G. H. & Co. 1841.

To the Right Worshipfull, Worthy,
and Learned Gentleman, Sr. THOMAS
RICHARDSON Knight, Serjeant at Law,
and Speaker in the High Court of Parliament, &c.

*A double Ana-
gramme.*

{ THOMAS RICHARDESON N.
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SO CHRIST HONERD A MAN. }

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Then Christ to honor man both will and can.
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RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,

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for as it is a Divine Poem, so hath your
Worship a religious heart, as it hath an honest intention,
so haue you a brest euer full of such thoughts, which
bring forth worthy actions: as it a Whip or Scourge
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unfaigned louer of Courteous humanity and humility,
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full affection of the Author,

Who is most obsequiously obliged to your Worship,

JOHN TAYLOR.

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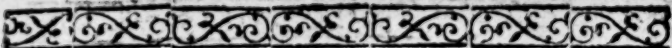
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1892

To no matter who, no great
matter where, yet to be read
there is matter why, although
not much matter when.



IT is no matter into whose
hands or censure this my *Superbia Flagellum*, or Whipping,
or Stripping of Pride
fall into, if it come into the
view of true Nobility or Gentry, I know
it will be charitably accepted. If into the
hands of degenerate yongsters, that esteeme
Pride more then all the Liberall Sciences,
who account the foure Cardinall vertues,
inferiour to their owne Carnall vices, such
a one will put me off with a scornfull tush,
a pish, or a mew, and commit my Booke to
the protection of Ajax. If a wiseman reade
it, I know it will be discreetly censur'd; if
a Foole, his Bolt is soone shot, and I am
arm'd against it; if a Learned man peruse it,



The Epistle to the Reader.

hee will beare with my bad Schollership; if an vnlearned, I care not for his opinion; if a man of knowledge view it, he will pardon my ignorance; if an ignorant Assle see it, hee will bray out his owne; if an honest Richman spy it, hee will be the poorer in spirit though not in purse; but if a proud Diues handle it, hee will esteeme it worse then his dogges; if a proud Courtier reade it, he will teare it to tatters; whilst a Generous Affable Gentleman, will louingly entertaine it. If beauty chance to behold it, it will bid it welcome, if Pride stand not in the way, if a strong man that is not proud of it, grow acquainted with the contents of my meaning, I thinke it will content him; if Parents, or children, or all, or any body, that are not poysoned with pride, doe but see or heare it distinctly read, and vnderstand it with iudgement, I am perswaded it will passe and repasse, with friendly vsage,

but



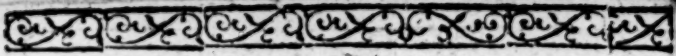
The Epistle to the Reader.

but if any of the contrary faction come within the Aire of it, they wil vse it in some sort, as bad as the hangman may vse them. And so much for, To no matter *who*.

It is no great matter *where* this be read, for as a good man (being banished) is neuer out of his countrey, because all countreyes are his, so my Booke in Church, Court, City, Countrey, Castle or Cottage, is one and the same; it may perhaps alter the place where it comes from worse to better, but the place can neuer alter the honest entents of it from better to worse, Therefore no great matter *where*.

To be read there is matter, *why*, because it strikes at the roote of a most deadly sinne, which almost as bad as an vniuersall deluge, hath ouerflowed the most part of the world; and though the Preachers on Earth, (Gods Trumpets, and ambassadors from Heauen) doe diligently and dayly

strike

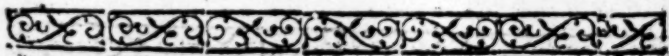


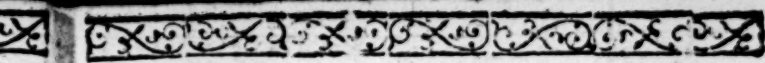
The Epistle to the Reader.

strike at this abhominatiō, with the eternal sword of the euerlasting Word, yet what they cut downe in the day, like Mushromes, it growes vp againe thicke and threetold in the night, for whilst the husband-man sleepe, the enuious man sowes tares.

Wherefore, I hauing a talent of knowledge lent me, by which I know that I must render an account one day, how I haue imployed it, and hauing Written neere forty seuerall pamphlets in former times, I purpose henceforward (God willing) to redeeme the time I haue so mispent, imploying my Pen in such exercises (which though they be not free from a relish of mirth, yet they shall be cleare from profanation, scurrility, or obscenness. I do know Pride is at such a height, that my Mole-hill Muse can neuer by mineing at her foote, shake her head, for where Diuinity preuailes not, Poetry in meddling doth but shew the Suns

bright-





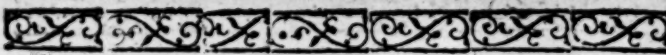
The Epistle to the Reader.

brightnesse with a Candle. Yet forasmuch as I know that Pride cast Angels out of Heauen, made diuels in hell, threw man out of Paradise, was a maine causer of the drowning of the first World, is a deuourer of this world, and shall euer be accursed in the world to come, by this knowledge, I haue with a mix'd inuectiue mildnesse, shewed in this Booke the vanities of all sorts of Pride, not that I hope for amendment, but to shew my honest intendment.

I haue seene fixe or seuen fashion hunting Gallants together sit scorning, and deriding a better man then any of themselues, onely because either his Hat was of the old Block, or that his Ruffe was not so richly lac'd, his Cloake hath beene too plaine, his Beard of the old translation, his Bootes and Spurres of the precedent second edition, and for such slight occasions a man hath beene slighted, icerd and wonderd at, as if

he



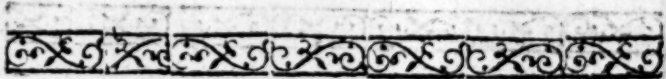


The Epistle to the Reader.

he had beene but a Zany to the fashion, or a man made for the purpose for them to whet their scorne vpon, and therefore to read this, there is a matter *why*.

It is not much matter *when*, for be it read on Fryday the Turks Holyday, on Saturday the Iewes Sabbath, on Sunday the Lords day, or on any day or all dayes, nights or howers, there is Diuinity with Alacrity, Poetry with honest mirth, and euery thing so interwouen, one with another, that if it please not the generality, yet I hope in particularity it will be tolerably censurd by all that hate Pride, and loue humility. And therefore, not much matter *when*.

JOHN TAYLOR.



**A FEVV LINES,
TO SMALL PVRPOSE,
against the Scandalous Aspersions,
that are either maliciously, or ignorantly
cast vpon the Poets and Poems of
these Times.**

THere doth a strange, and true opinion runne,
That Poets write much worse, then they haue don:
And how so poore their daily writings are,
As though their best inuentions were threed bare.
And how no new things from them now doth spring,
But all hath reference from some other thing.
And that their daily doings doe reueale,
How they from one another filch and steale,
As if amongst them 'twere a statute made,
That they may freely vse the theeuing trade.
And some there are that will not sticke to say,
That many Poets liuing at this day,
Who haue the Hebrew, Latine, Greeke, at will,
And in th' Italian and the French haue skill,
These are the greatest theeuers they say, of all
That vse the Trade (or Art) Poeticall.
For ancient Bards, and Poets in strange tongue,
Compiled haue their verses and their songs:


And

And those to whom those tongues are rightly knowne,
Translating them, make others verse their owne,
As one that steales a Cloake, and presently
Makes it his owne, by al^t ring of the dye.
So whole bookes, and whole sentences haue bin
Stolne, and the stealers, great applause did win,
And by their filching thought great men of fame,
By those that knew not the right Authors name.
For mine owne part, my Conscience witnesse is,
I ne're was guilty of such theft as this,
Unto such robbery I could neuer reach,
Because I vnderstand no forreigne speech.
To prooue that I am from such filching free,
Latin and French are heathen-Greeke to me,
The Grecian, and the Hebrew Characters,
I know as well, as I can reach the Starres.
The sweete Italian, and the Chip Chop Dutch,
I know the man i^th Moone can speake as much.
Should I from English Authors, but purloyne,
It would be soone found counterfeited coyne.
Then since I cannot steale, but some will spy,
Ile truly vse mine owne, let others lye.
Yet to excuse the writers, that now write,
Because they bring no better things to light :

*Tis because bounty from the world is fled,
True liberality is almost dead.
Reward is lodg'd in darke oblivion deepe,
Bewitch't (I thinke) into an endlesse sleepe,
That though a man in study take great paines,
And empt his veines, and puluerize his braines,
To write a Poem well, which being writ
We shall his Iudgement, Reason, Art, and Wit,
And at his owne charge, print and pay for all,
And giue away most free, and liberall
Two, three, or foure, or five hundred bookes,
For his reward he shall haue nods and lookes;
That all the profit a mans paines hath gat,
Will not suffice one meale to feed a Cat.
Yet Noble Westminster, thou still art free,
And for thy bounty I am bound to thee:
For hadst not thou, and thy Inhabitants,
From Time to Time relieu'd and help'd my wants,
I had long since bid Poetry adieu,
And therefore still my thankses shall be to you.
Next to the Court, in generall I am bound
To you, for many friendships I haue found.
There (when my purse hath often wanted baite)
To fill or feed it, I haue had receite.*

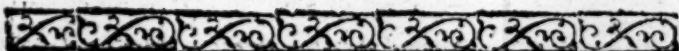
So much for that, I'le now no more rehearse,
They shew their loues in prose, my thanks in verse;
When death, Mecænas did of life deprive,
Few of his Noble Tribe were left alive,
This makes Intention to be meane and hard,
When Pride and Auarice doth kill reward.
And yet me thinkes, it plainely doth appeare,
Mens writings are as good as e're they were.
Good lines are like a Banquet ill imployd,
Where too much feeding hath the stomach cloyde.
Good verses fall sometimes (by course of fate)
Into their hands that are preiudicate.
And though, the Writer ne're so well hath pend,
Yet they'le find fault with what they cannot mend.
Thus many a learned well composed line,
Hath bin as Pearle that's cast before a swine.
Or more familiarly to make compare,
Like Aquanita giuen vnto a Mare.
These fellowes, (glutted with variety)
Hold Good lines in a loath'd society,
Whilst pallery Rimming, Libells, Iigges, and Iests,
Are to their appetites continuall feasts.
With which their fancies they doe feed and fill,
And take the Ill for good, the Good for ill.

Whilst



*Whilst like to Monkeyes, (scorning wholesome meate)
They greedily doe poysonous spiders eat.
Sole: them feed untill their humours burst,
And thus much bold to tell them heere I durst.
That Poetry is now as good as euer,
If bounty, to relieue her would endeuor.
Mens mindes are worse then they haue bin of yore,
Invention's good now, as it was before.
Let liberality awake, and then
Each Poet in his hand will take a pen,
And with rare lines enrich a world of paper,
Shall make Apollo, and the Muses caper.*

F I N I S.



THESE ARE THE NAMES OF THE
SACRED MONUMENTS WHICH
WERE FOUND IN THE TEMPLE
OF APOLLO AT DELPHI
IN THE YEAR 1762
BY THE ORDER OF THE
ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
AND BEAUX-ARTS
OF FRANCE
AND THE SOCIETY OF
ANTIQUE RESEARCHERS
OF THE CITY OF PARIS
AND THE SOCIETY OF
ANTIQUE RESEARCHERS
OF THE CITY OF PARIS
AND THE SOCIETY OF
ANTIQUE RESEARCHERS
OF THE CITY OF PARIS

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L



Superbie Flagellum, or The Whip of Pride.



Hen all things were as wrap'd
in sable night,

And Ebon darknes muffled
vp the light :

When neither Sun, or Moone,
nor Starres had shinde,

And when no fire, no Wa-
ter, Earth or Winde,

If any man
fetch his
story high-
er, let him
take my
booke for
nought,

No haruest, Autumne, Winter, when no Spring,
No Bird, Beast, Fish, nor any creeping thing,

When there was neither Time nor place, nor space,
And silence did the *Chaos* round embrace :

Then did the Archworkmaster of this All,
Create this Massy Vniuersall Ball.

And with his mighty word brought all to passe,
Saying but *Let there Be*, and done it was.

*Let there be Day, Night, Water, Earth, Herbs, Trees,
Let there be Sun, Moone, Stars, fish, fowle that flees,*

B

Beasts



Supertie Flagellum, or

Beasts of the Field, he said but, *Let there be,*
And all things were created as we see.
Thus euery sensible and senselesse thing,
The High-Creators Word to passe did bring:
And as in viewing all his workes he stood,
He saw that all things were exceeding good.
Thus having furnisht Seas, and Earth, and Skies;
Abundantly with all varieties,
Like a Magnificent and sumptuous Feast,
Forth'entertainment of some welcome Guest,
When Beasts and Birds, and euery living Creature;
And the Earths fruits did multiply by Nature;
Then did th'Eternall Trinity berake
It selfe to Councell, and said, *Let vs make,*
Not *Let there be,* as vnto all things else,
But **LET V'S MAKE MAN**, that the rest excels;
According **TO OVR IMAGE LET V'S MAKE**
MAN, and then did th'Almighty Red Earth take,
With which he formed *Adam*, euery limme,
And (hauing made him) breathed life in him.
Loe, thus the first Man neuer was a Child,
No way with sinne originall defil'd:
But with high Supernat' rall Vnderstanding,
He ouer all the World had sole commanding.

in perfect
holinesse
and Right-
conscience.

Yet

The Whip of Pride.

Yet though to him the Regency was given,
As Earths Lieutenant to the God of Heauen,
Though he commanded all Created things,
As Deputy vnder the King of Kings;
Though he so highly heere was dignified;
To humble him, not to be puff'd with *Pride*,
He could not brag or boast of high borne birth,
For he was formed out of slime and earth:
No Beast, fish, worme, fowle, herbe, weed, stone, or
But are of a more ancient house then he; (tree,
For they were made before him, which proues this
That their Antiquity is more then his.
Thus both himselfe, and his beloued Spouse,
Are by Creation of the younger house,
And whilst they liu'd in perfect Holinesse,
Their richest Garments were bare Nakednesse,
True Innocency were their chiefeest weeds,
(For Righteousnesse no Masque or Visor needs.)
The royal'st robes that our first Parents had,
Was a free Conscience with Vprightnesse clad;
They needed ne're to shifte; the cloathes they wore
Was Nakednesse, and they desir'd no more
Vntill at last, that Hell-polluting sin,
With Disobedience soil'd their Soules within,

I

B 2

And

Superbiae Flagellum, or

And hauing lost their holines Perfection,
They held their Nakednes an Imperfection.
Then (being both alham'd) they both did frame
Garments, as weedes of their deserued shame.
Thus, when as sinne had brought Gods curse on
Then shame to make Apparell first began, (man
E're man had sin'd, most plaine it doth appeare,
He neither did, or needed Garments weare,
For his Apparell did at first beginne,
To be the Robes of pennance for his sinne.
Thus all the brood of *Adam*, and of *Eue*,
The true vse of Apparell may perceiue,
That they are Liueries, Badges, vnto all
Of our sinnes, and our Parents wofull fall.
Then more then mad, these mad-brain'd people be
(Or else they see, and will not see me to see)
That these same Robes (with Pride) that makes
Are tokens that our best desert is hell. (them swell
mpari- Much like vnto a Traytor to his King
That would his Countrey to destruction bring,
Whose Treasons being prou'd apparantly,
He by the Law is iustly iudg'd to dye,
And when he lookes for his deserued death,
A Pardon comes and giues him longer breath,

The VVhip of Pride.

I thinke this man most madly would appeare
That would a halter in a glory weare,
Because he with a halter merited
Of life, to be quite disinherited.
But if he should vau gloriously persist
To make a Rope of silke or golden twist,
And weare't as a more honourable shoue
Of his Rebellion, then course hempe or tow,
Might not men iustly say he were an Ass,
Triumphing that he once a Villaine was,
And that he wore a Halter for the nonce,
In pride that he deserued hanging once?
Such with our Heau'nly father is the Case,
Of our first Parents, and their sinfull Race,
Apparell is the miserable signe,
That we are Traytors to our Lord diuine,
And we (like Rebels) still most pride doe take
In that which still most humble should vs make.
Apparell is the prison for our sinne
Which most should shame, yet most we Glory in;
Apparell is the sheete of shame as't were
Which (for our pennance) on our backs we beare,
For man Apparell neuer did receaue,
Till he eternall Death deseru'd to haue.

B 3

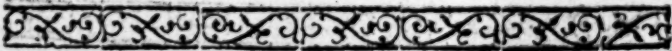
And



Superbiæ Flagellum, or

And thus Apparell to our sense doth tell
Our sinnes 'gainst Heav'n, and our desert of Hell.
How vaine is it for man, a clod of Earth,
To boast of his high progeny, or Birth,
Because (perhaps) his Ancestors were good,
And sprung from Royall, or from Noble blood,
Where Vertuous worth did in their minds inherit,
Who gain'd their Honours by Desert and Merit;
Whose service for their Country never fail'd,
Who (Iustly) liv'd belou'd, and dyde bewail'd;
Whose Affability, and Charity,
Guided with pious true sincerity,
Who to their states lou'd all their liues to ioyne
Loue before Lands, Compassion before Coyne?
Yet when they dyde, left wealth, place, state, and
To Heires, who bury all in *Pride* & shame, (name
But as the Sacred Truth most truly saith,
"No man is saved by anothers Faith;
So though some honorable Rascals haue
Turn'd their good Fathers to their timelesse graue,
And like Ignoble noble Reprobates,
Possesse their names, possessions and estates,
Yet (for they want their Vertues and Deserts)
They are but Bastards to their better parts.

Manasses



The VVhip of Pride.

Manasses was good *Hezechiabs* sonne,
And with his Crowne into all Vice did runne;
The Sire the title of good King did gaine,
The Sonne's Abominations all did staine;
Honour is better well deseru'd then had,
To haue it vnderu'd, that Honour's bad.
In *Rome* an ancient Law there sometimes was,
Men should through Vertue vnto Honor passe:
And t'is a Rule that euermore hath bin,
" That Honor's best which a mans selfe doth win.
T'is no Inheritance, nor can it runne
Successiuelly from Father to the Sonne;
But if the Father nobly were inclin'd,
And that the Sonne retaine his worthy mind,
If with his Fathers goods he doth possesse
His Goodnesse, all the world must then confesse,
That that Sonnes Honor doth it selfe display
To be the Fathers equall euery way.
Thus good mens Honors can no Honor be
To their degenerate posteritie,
But t'is a mans owne Vertue, or his Vice,
That makes his Honor high or low in price.
Of Birth, or Parents, no man can be proud,
Pride of Apparell here is disallow'd,

Superbiae Flagellum, or

Pride of our Riches is most Transitory,
Pride of our Beauty is a fading Glory :
Pride of our wisdom is most foolish folly ;
Pride of our holines is most vnholly,
Pride of our strength is weaknes in our thought,
And Pride in any thing will come to nought.
Pride hath bin Author of the worst of Euils,
Transforming glorious Angels, into Deuils,
When *Babels* Tow'r gan proudly to aspire,
With tounge confusion, they were payd their hire.
Through Pride the King of *Babels* glory ceast,
And for seau'n yeares it turn'd him to a beast :
And *Baltazar* that next him did succeede,
Lost life, and left his Empire to the * *Mede*,
For Pride, to *Tyre* and *Zidons* wicked Kings
The Prophet a most iust destruction brings.
Herod mid st his vngodly glory vaine,
Through Pride was eaten vp with wormes , and
Great *Alexander*, King of *Macedon* (slaine.
Disdaind to be his father *Phillips* son,
But he from *Iupiter* would be descended,
And as a god be honour'd and attended,
Yet Bain'de at *Babilon* he prou'd but man,
His godhead ended foolish as't began.

There

The VVhip of Pride.

There was in Sicilie a proud Phisitian,
Menecrates, and he through high ambition,
To be a god himselfe would needs preferre,
And would (forsooth) be named *Inpiter*,
King *Dionysius* making a great feast,
This foole-god daigned there to be a guest,
Who by himselfe was at a table plac'd,
(Because his godhead should the more be grac'd)
The other Guests themselues did feed and fill,
He at an empty table still, fate still.
At last with humble lowe Sir Reuerence,
A fellow came with fire and frankincence,
And offer'd to his godship, (saying then)
Perfumes were fit for gods, and meate for men:
The god in anger rose incontinent
Well laugh'd at, and an hunger'd, home he went.
The Romane Emperour *Domitian*
Would be a god, was murder'd by a man.
Caligula would be a god of wonder,
And counterfeite the lightning, and the thunder;
Yet euery Reall heau'nly Thundercracke,
This caitife in such feare and terror strake,
That he would quake, and shake, & hide his head
In any hole, or vnderneath his bed.

And

Superbiae Flagellum, or

And when this godlesse god had many slaine,
A Tribune dasht out his vngodly braine. (frown
" And thus th' Almighty still 'gainst *Pride* doth
" And casts Ambition headlong tumbling down
Great *Pompey* would be all the worlds superior,
And *Cæsar* vnto none would be inferior ;
But as they both did liue ambitiously,
So both of them vntimely deaths did dye.
The one in *Egypt* had his finall fall,
The other murdered in the Capitall.
A number more Examples are beside,
Which shewes the miserable fall of *Pride* :
And doe men thinke to goe to Heauen from hence
By *Pride*, which cast the Angels headlong thence
Or doe they through their *Pride* suppose to dwell
With God, when *Pride* did make the Devils in hell
It is a Vice which God abhors and hates,
And 'gainst it doth denounce most fearfull threats
Oh, what a hellish vanity is't then,
That doth bewitch vaine women, and vile men,
That rather then their *Pride* and they will seuer,
They will be seuer'd from their God for euer?
I will not say but Wisedome, Beauty, Health,
Strength, Courage, Magnanimity, and Wealth,

LaA

Empire

The VVhip of Pride.

Empires and Kingdomes, rule of Sea, and Land,
Are Blessings giuen by Gods all-giuing hand;
But not because on whom they are bestow'd,
Should in the stead of Humblenesse waxe proud,
Or with vaine glory haue their hearts vpheau'd,
For why? what ere they haue they haue receiu'd: 1. Cor. 4.
And therefore Christian Kings their stiles do grace
King *By the Grace of God*, of such a place;
Because by his especiall providence
They hold *Maiesticall Preheminance*.
And as there is distinction of Estates,
Some Emp'ours, Kings, and mighty potentates,
Superiors and Inferiors, each degree,
As Gods foreknowing Knowledge did foresee:
Yet he did not bestow his bounteous Grace,
To make the great men proud, or mean men base;
Abundant wealth he to the Rich doth lend,
That they the poore should succour and defend.
He hath giu'n strength and vigour to the strong,
That they shold guard the weak frō taking wrōg:
To some he knowledge doth and wisdom grant
Because they should instruct the Ignorant,
But vnto no man God his gifts doth giue,
To make him proud, or proudly here to liue.

For

Superbiae Flagellum, or

For Pride of state, birth, wisdom, beauty, strength
And Pride in any thing, will fall at length,
But to be proud of Garments that we weare,
Is the most foolish pride a heart can beare.
For as they are the Robes of sinne and shame,
Yet more may be consider'd in the same :
Be they compact of silke, or cloath of Gold,
Or cloath, or stufes (of which ther's manifold)
Let them be lac'd and fac'd, or cut, or plaine,
Or any way to please the wearers braine,
And then let him or her that is so clad,
Consider but from whence these stufes were had
How Mercers, Drapers, silkmen were the Tayl
And how the Executioners were Taylers,
That did both draw and quarter, slash and cut,
And into shape, mishapen Remnants put.
Consider this, and you will graunt me than
That Garments are the workmanship of man.
Which being graunted no man can deny,
But that it is most base Idolatry,
T'adore or worship a proud paltry knave,
Because the Mercers shop hath made him brave
Or is it not a foolish vile mistaking,
To Honour things that are a * Taylers making?

* A Tay-
ler is but a
man ;
therefore
it is. Idola-
try to wor-
ship his
workman-
ship.

The VVhip of Pride.

make a vowe, that neuer whilst I liue
Reuerence to Apparell will I giue;
Some goodnes in the wearer I'll expect,
Or else from me he shall haue small Respect;
If in him vertue, and true worth I see
He shall haue heart and hand, and cap and knee.
Tis laudable there should be diffrence made
Betwixt a Courtier, and a man of Trade:
For sense or Reason neuer would allowe,
A Prince to weare a habit for the Plow.
Nor that a Carter vainely should aspire,
To thrust himselfe into the Court attire.
Distinctions of Office, and Estates
Should habite men according to their rates,
Thus I rich Garments no way doe condemne,
But I say no man should be proud of them.
In Rome, a worthy Law there once was made:
That euery man, of each degree and Trade,
Some marke or Badge, about him still should beare
Whereby men knew what all mens callings were.
The Consuls bearing the Imperiall sway,
(To whose command the rest did all obey)
In token they had power to saue or spill,
Had Rods and Axes borne before them still.

The

Superbiae Flagellum, or

The Censors, Tribunes, Ædiles, and the Praetors
The Prouosts, Questors, and the Conseruators
And as their offices were sundry varied,
So were they known by things before the came
The Mercer in his hat did weare some tuffe,
Or shred of Silke, or Gold, his trading stufte;
Drapers a piece of List, Weauers a quill;
Or Shuttle, and the Millers wore a Mill.
And as men sundry callings did apply,
So they wore Emblemes to be knowne thereby.
But if that Law were but enacted here,
How like a pluckt crow, would *Prohibition* appeare
Some Taylors would be very mad at that,
To weare each one a Bodkin in his hat;
Theres many a wealthy Whoremaster would sh
And stamp, and starr, if he should weare a whip
But yet if euery thiefe of each degree,
Were bound to weare a halter, God blesse me:
A Butcher still should weare a Calfe or Bull,
My selfe (a Waterman) an Oare or Skull.
And so of euery trade both high and low,
Men (by their badgs) would their functions know
And if this Law the State would but allow, (now
Some would weare calues skins, that weare yel

The VVhip of Pride.

Then *Iacke* and *Iill*, and *Iohn* a *Drones* his issue,
Would not be trapped thus in Gold and Tissue.
Tis strange a coxcomb should be cram'd with pride
Because he hath got on a Sattin hide:
A Grogreine outside, or a siluer Case,
Some foureteeen groce of buttons, and Gold lace;
When as perhaps the corps that carries all,
Hath more diseases then an Hospitall,
And (which is worst of all) his Soule within,
Stinks before God, polluted with all sinne.
Romes great Arch-tyrant *Nero*, amongst all
The marchlesse vices he was tax'd withall,
(The which in Histories are truly told,)
Was said t' haue shoe ties all wrought o'r with gold,
If in an Emperour (that did command
Almost the whole world, both by Sea and Land,
Who countermaunded *Indian* Mines and Iems,
Jewels, and almost all earths Diadems,)
To weare gold shoe strings were a stored crime;
What may it then be called at this time,
When many, below Hostlers in degree,
Shall (in that point) be deck'r as braue as he?
Thus *Pride's* an ouerweening selfe opinion,
A soule destroyer, come from Hels dominion;

Which

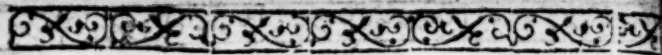
Superbiae Flagellum, or

Wch makes vainglorious fools, & new found mad
Forget they are of *Eues* good brood and *Adams*,
But yet though *Pride* be a most deadly sinne,
What numbers by it doe their liuings winne?
A world of people daily liue thereby;
Who (were it not for it) would starue and die,
Thus (by corruption of the time) this Deuill
Is growne a good, bad, necessary cuill.
She is the Mercers onely fruitfull crop,
She is the Silkman, and th'Embroiderers prop;
She is the Haberdashers chiefeft Stocke,
She feeds the Hat-sellers with blocke on blocke;
She makes the Dyers daily liue to dye,
And dye to liue, and get great wealth thereby;
She (euery Winter) doth the Draper feed,
With food and fuell She supplies his need.
She is the Taylors goddesse; and vpon her
He dayly doth attend to doe her honour;
All the inuentions of his studious pate,
He at her shrine doth euer consecrate,
He rakes the world for fashions that excell,
From *Germany*, from *France*, from *Spain*, from *bel*,
And would himselfe be out of fashion quite,
But that *Pride* in new fashions doth delight,

Silke

The VVhip of Pride.

Silkweauers (of the which abundance are)
Wer't not for Pride would liue, & dye most bare :
Sempsters with ruffs & cuffs, & quoifes, & caules,
And falles, (wer't not for pride) would soone haue
The Shooemakers neat, spanish, or polony, (falles,
Would haue but single-soal'd receit of money.
The sweet Perfumers, would be out of fauour,
And hardly could be sauers by their fauour.
The glittering Jeweller, and lapidary,
(But for *Prides* helpe) were in a poore quandary,
The goldsmiths plate would stand vpon his shelfe,
And's Rings & Chaines he might weare out him-
Thus *Pride* is growne to such a height, I say, (selfe,
That were she banish'd, many would decay :
For many hundred thousands are you see,
Which from *Pride* only, haue meat, cloaths, & fee:
No maruell then she hath so many friends,
When as such numbers on her still depends,
Pride is their Mistris, she maintaines them still,
And they must serue her, or their case is ill.
But as so many numbers numberles,
Doe liue and flourish heere by *Prides* excesse:
So are there more vpon the other side,
Toild and tormented still to maintaine *Pride*.



Superbia Flagellum, or

The painfull Plowmans paines doe neuer cease;
For he must pay his Rent, or lose his lease,
And though his Father and himselfe before,
Haue oft releiu'd poore beggers at their doore;
Yet now his Fine and Rent so high is rear'd,
That his own meat and clothes are scarcely clear'd
Let him toyle Night and Day, in light and darke
Lye with the Lambe downe, rise vp with the Lark
Dig, delue, plow, sow, rake, harrow, mow, lop, fell
Plant, graft, hedg, ditch, thresh, winnow, buy & sell
Yet all the money that his paines can win,
His Landlord hath a purse to put it in.
What though his Cartell with the Murraine dye,
Or that the Earth her fruitfullnesse deny?
Let him beg, steale, griue, labour and lament,
The Quarter comes, and he must pay his Rent;
And though his Fine and Rent be high, yet higher
It shall be rais'd if once it doth expire:
Let him and his be hunger-staru'd and pin'de,
His Landlord hath decreed his bones to grinde:
And all this carke and care, and toile of his,
Most chiefly for this onely purpose is,
That his gay Landlord may weare silke & feather,
whilst he poore drudg can scarce get frize or lether.

Because



The Whip of Pride.

Because his Landlady may dog the fashion,
Hee's rack'd and tortur'd without all compassion;
Because his Landlords Heyre may haue renowne
Of Gentle, though the Father be a Clowne:
Because his landlords daughters (deckt with *pride*)
With ill got portions may be Ladyfide.
In brieft, poore tenants pinch for clothes and food
To dawb with *pride* their landlords & their brood.
The time hath bin (and some alius knowes when)
A Gentleman would keepe some twenty men,
Some thirty, and some forty, lesse or more,
(As their Reuenues did supply their store.)
And with their Charities did freely feed
The Widow, Fatherlesse, and poore mans need;
But then did *Pride* keepe residence in Hell,
And was not come vpon the earth to dwell:
Then Loue and Charity were at the best,
Exprest in Action, not in words profest.
Then conscience did keep men in much more aw,
Than the seuerest rigour of the Law,
And then did men feare God (with true intent,)
For's Goodnesse, not for feare of punishment.
But since the Leprosie of *Pride* hath spread
The world all ouer, from the foot to head:

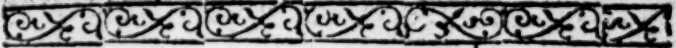


Superbiae Flagellum, or

Good bounteous house keeping is quite destroyd,
And large reuenewes other waies imployd.
Meanes that would foure men meate and meanes
Are turnd to garters, and to roses now, (allow,
That which kept twenty, in the dayes of old,
By Sathan is turn'd sattin, silke, and gold,
And one man now in garments he doth weare,
A thousand akers, on his backe doth beare,
Whose auncestours in former times did giue,
Meanes for a hundred people well to liue.
Now all is shrunke, (in this vainglorious age)
T'atire a coach, a fooreman, and a page;
To dice, drinke, drabs, tobaco, haukes & hounds,
These are th'expende of many thousand pounds,
Whilst many thousands starue, and dayly perish,
For want of that which these things vs'd to cher-
There is another *Pride*, which some professe, (rish.
Who pinch their bellies, for their backs excelsse:
For thogh their guts through wat of fodder clings,
That they will make sweet filchy fidle strings;
Yet they will suffer their mawes pine and lacke,
To trap with rich caparisons the backe.
These people, (for their *Pride*) doe Iustice still,
Vpon themselues, although against their will.

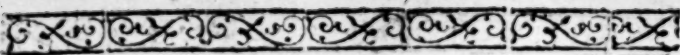
They





The VVhip of Pride.

They doe in their owne stomacks, try, examine,
And punish outward *Pride*, with inward famine.
But sure the people can be good for nothing,
Whose reputation onely lyes in cloathing :
Because the hangman oft may execute,
A theife or traytor in a Sattin sute,
And that sute which did from the gallows drop,
May be againe hang'd in a Broakers shop,
And then againe hang'd, and bought, and worne,
And secondly (perhaps) to Tiburne borne:
And so at sundry times, for sundry crimes,
The Hangman may sell one sute sixteene times,
And euery Rascall, that the same did fit,
To be exceeding pockie proud of it.
And all this while, (if I be not mistooke)
It rests vnpaid for, in the Mercers booke.
Thus many simple honest people haue,
Giuen worship to a Broakers wardrobe slaue,
Thus Tiburne ornaments may be the cheife,
To grace a graceles arrant whoore, or thiefe.
A Seruing-man, I incast cloathes haue seene,
That did himselfe so strangely ouerween,
That with himselfe he out of knowledge grewe,
And therefore all his old friends he misknewe,



Superbiae Flagellum, or

Vntill at last his Glory did decease,
His outside fac'd with tatters, rags and greace,
Then did the changing time, the youth transform
From *Pride* to be as lowly as a worme.
A many of these fellows may be had,
That's meeke or proud, as clothes are good or bad.
I leaue true Noble Gentry all this while,
Out of the reach of my inuective stile,
Tis fit that those of worthy race and place,
Should be distinguished from the Vulgar base.
Particulars Ile not to question call,
My Satire is 'gainst *Pride* in generall.
Soft Rayment is in Princes Courts allow'd,
Not that the wearers should thereof be proud;
For worth and wisdom knowes most certainly,
That Hell gines *Pride*, and Heauen *Humility*,
And be their garments ne're so rare or rich,
They neuer can make *Pride* their hearts bewitch.
Then if all sorts of men considered this,
Most vaine the pride of any rayment is,
For neither sea, land, fish, fowle, worme, or beast,
But man's beholding to the most and least.
The silly Sheepe puts off his coate each yeare,
And giues it to forgetfull man to weare:

The



The VVhip of Pride.

The Oxe, Calfe, Goate, and Deere do not refuse
To yeeld their skins, to make him boots & shooes,
And the poore Silkworme labours night and day,
T' adorne and garnish man with rich array:
Therefore if men of this did rightly thinke,
Humility would grow, and *Pride* would shrink.
Fowles of the Ayre doe yeild both fans & plumes
And a poore Ciuet Cat allowes perfumes.
The Earth is rip'd and bowel'd, rent and torne,
For Gold and siluer which by man is worne:
And sea and land are rak'd, and search'd & sought,
For Jewels too farre fetcht: and too deare bought.
Thus man's beholding still (to make him trim)
Vnto all creatures, and not they to him.
Nature (without mans helpe) doth them supply,
And man without their help would straine and die.
If men (I say) these things considered well,
Pride then would soone be tumbled downe to hell.
Their golden suits that make the much renown'd,
Is but the guts and garbage of the Ground:
Their Ciuet (that affords such dainty scents)
Is but a poore Cats sweating Excrements;
Their rarest Jewels (which most glister forth)
Are more for outward shew then inward worth,

Superbie Flagellum, or

They are high valu'd at all times, and season,
But for what reason, none can giue a reason,
The best of them, like whoores, haue euer bin,
Most faire without, and full of bane within.
And let a great man weare a peice of glasse,
It (for his sake) will for a Diamond passe ;
But let a man that's of but meane degree,
Weare a faire Diamond, yet it glasse must be.
This valuing of a Jewell is most fit,
It should not grace a man, man should grace it.

The
eld of
lood, that
e fewes
ought
with the
hirty pei-
es of sil-
er, which
udas
rought
acke a-
aine after
e betray-
d Christ,
Mat. 27-7.
Acts 1. 19.

A good man to his suit is a repete,
A knaues repete lyes onely in his sute.
And for a stone, that but 3. drams hath weigh'd,
Of precious poyson, hundreds haue bin payd.
And who can tell how many liues were lost,
In fetching home the Bables of such cost?
(For many of them are as deere bought.
As if they from **Acheldama* were brought.)
Yet some rush through (fantasique pates to please)
Rocks, sands, & change of aire, rough winds & seas
Storms, tēpests, gusts, flawes, pirates, sword, & fire,
Death, or else slavery, (nener to retire.)
And thus *Prides* various humours to suffice,
A number hazard these calamities.

When

The VVhip of Pride.

When our owne Country doth afford vs heere,
Jewells more precious, nothing nigh so deere.

A whetstone is more necessary sure,

A grindstone much more profit doth procure :

But for a * milstone, that's a Jewell rare,

With which no other stone can make compare.

The loadstone is the meanes to find the rest,

But of all stones the milstone is the best.

Free stones and artificiall bricks I graunt,

Are stones, which men in building cannot want :

And the flintstone can yeild vs fire and heate,

But yet the milstone yeilds vs bread to eate.

The tilestone keepes vs dry, the roadstone bydes,

And holds fast Boates, in tempests, winds, & tides,

The chalkstone serues for lyme, or for account

To score, how reck'nings doe abate or mount.

Pebles, and grauell, mend high wayes, I knowe,

And ballast shippes, which else would ouerthrow.

And this much I'll maintaine heere with my pen,

These are the stones that most doe profit men :

These, these are they, if we consider well,

That Saphirs, and the Diamonds doe excell,

The Pearl, the Em'rault, and the Turkeise blew,

The sanguine Corral, Ambers golden hew,

* A mil-
stone is a
precious
jewell.

The

Superbiae Flagellum, or

The *Christall, Iacinth, Achate, Ruby red,*
The *Carbuncle, Squar'd, Cut, and Polliſhed,*
The *Onix, Topaz, Iaſpar, Hematite,*
The *Sable Jet, the Tutch, and Chryſolite;*
All theſe conſidered as they are indeed,
Are but vaine toys that doth mans fancy feed;
The ſtones I nam'd before, doe much more good
For building, ſayling, lodging, firing, food.
Yet Jewels for their lawfull uſe are ſent,
To be a luſter, and an ornament
For State, magnificence, and Princely port,
To ſhew a Kingdomes glory, at the Court;
And God (I know) ordain'd them to be worne,
Superiour States to honour and adorne,
And for the uſes they were made are good,
If (as they ſhould be) they are vnderſtood:
T'adorne our perſons they are ſtill allow'd,
But not to buy too deare, or make vs proud.
The Holy Ghost in *Exodus* recites,
How *Aaron* (High Prieſt of the *Iſraelites*)
Twelve ſeueral ſtones did on his Breſt-plate bear,
Which of the twelve *Tribes* a remembrance were;
But they were myſticall, prophetique tropes,
And figures of Saluations future hopes.

But

The VVhip of Pride.

But God did neuer giue or Gold or Iemine,
Or Jewell, that we should take pride in them.
The Deu'll laugh'd lately at the stinking stir,
We had about * *Hic Mulier*, and *Hac Vir*,
The Masculine apparel'd Feminine,
And Feminine attired Masculine, (ther,
The Woman-man, Man-woman, chuse you whe-
The Female-male, Male-female. both, yet neither;
Hels *Pantomimicks*, that themselues bedights,
Like shamelesse double sex'd *Hermophradites*,
Virago Roaring Girles, that to their middle,
To know what sexe they were, was halfe a Riddle,
Braue trim'd & truss'd, with daggers & with dags,
Stout Captaine *Maudlins* feather brauely wags,
Lieutenant * *Dol*, and valiant Ensigne *Besse*,
All arm'd with impudence and shamelesnesse;
Whose Calues eg starch may in some sort be taken
As if they had beene hang'd to smoke like Bacon,
Whose borrowed hayre (perhaps) not long before
Drop'd from the head of some diseased Whore,
Or one that at the Gallowes made her Will,
Late choaked with the Hangmans Pickadill.
In which respect, a Sow, a Cat, a Mare,
More modest then these foolish Females are.

* Two in-
uestiue
pamphlets
against the
monstrous
and shape-
lesse dis-
guises of
men and
women.

* Female
Souldiors.

For

Superbie Flagellum, or

For the bruit beasts (continuall night and day)
Doe weare their owne still (and so doe not they.)
But these things haue so well bin bang'd & firke'd
And Epigram'd and Satyrd, whip'd and Ierk'd,
Cudgeld and bastinadoed at the Court,
And Comically stag'de to make men sport,
Iyg'd, and (with all reason) mock'd in Rime,
And made the onely scornefull theame of Time,
And Balladmongers had so great a taske,
(As if their muses all had got the laske.)
That no more time therein my paines I'll spend,
But freely leaue them to amend, or end.
I saw a fellow take a white loaués pith,
And rub his masters white shooes cleane therewith
And I did know that fellow, (for his pride)
To want both bread and meate before he dy'de.
Some I haue heard of, that haue bin so fine,
To wash and bathe themselues in milke or wine,
Or else with whites of egges, their faces garnish,
Which makes thē look like visors, or new varnish
Good bread, and oatmeale hath bin spilt like trash
My Lady polecats dainty hands to wash :
Such there hath bin, but now if such there are,
I wish that want of food may be their share.

Some

The VVhip of Pride.

Some practise every day the Painters trade,
And striue to mend the worke that God hath
But these deceiuers are deceiued farre, (made.
With falsly striuing to amend, they marre:
With deu'lish dawbing, plast'ring they do spread,
Deforming so themselues with white and red,
The end of all their cunning that is showne,
Is, God will scarcely know them for his owne.
In a great frost, bare breasted, and vnac't,
I haue seene some as low as to their wast:
One halfe attyr'd, the other halfe starke bare,
Shewes that they halfe asham'd, halfe shameles are,
Halfe, (or else all) from what they should be erring,
And neither fish or flesh, nor good red herring.
I blow'd my nailes when I did them behold,
And yet that naked *Pride* would feele no cold.
Some euery day doe powder so their haire,
That they like Ghosts, or Millers doe appeare:
But let them powder all that er'e they can,
Their *Pride* will stinke before both God & man.
Ther was a trades mans wife, which I could name
(But that I'le not divulge abroad her shame)
Which a strong legion of good garments wore,
As gownes and petticoates, and kirtles store.

Smocks,

Superbiæ Flagellum, or

Smocks, headtires, aprones, shadowes, shaparoon
(Whimwhams, & whirligiggs to please Baboones
Jewels, rings, ooches, brooches, bracelets, chaines
(More then too much to fit her idle braines)
(Besides, she payd (not counting muffs & ruffs)
Foure pounds sixe shillings for two paire of cuffs
Twill make a man half mad, such worms as those
The generall gifts of God should thus ingrosse.
And that such numbers want their needfull vse,
Whilst hellish *Pride* perverts them to abuse.
Now a few lines to paper I will put,
Of mens Beards strange and variable cut :
In which ther's some doe take as vaine a *Pride*,
As almost in all other things beside.
Some are reap'd most substantiall, like a bush,
Which makes a Nat'rall wit knowne by the bush
(And in my time of some men I haue heard,
Whose wisdoms haue bin onely wealth & beard
Many of these the prouerbe well doth fit,
Which saies Bush naturall, more haire then wit.
Some seeme as they were starched stiffe and fine,
Like to the bristles of some angry swine :
And some (to set their loues desire on edge)
Are cut and prun'de like to a quickset hedge.

Som

The VVhip of Pride.

Some like a spade, some like a forke, some square,
Some round, some mow'd like stuble, some starke
Some sharpe Steletto fashion, dagger like, (bare,
That may with whispering a mans eyes out pike;
Some with the hammer cut, or Romane T,
Their beards extrauagant reform'd must be,
Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
Some circular, some ouall in translation,
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crassitude, (round,
That heights, depths, bredths, triform, square, oual,
And rules Geo'metricall in beards are found,
Besides the vpper lip's strange variation,
Corrected from mutation to mutation;
As't were from tithing vnto tithing sent,
Pride giues to pride continuall punishment. (grows
Sōc (*spite their teeth*) like thatch'd eues downward
And some growes vpwards in despite their nose.
Some their mustatioes of such length do keepe,
That very well they may a maunger sweepe :
Which in beere, ale or wine they drinking plunge,
And sucke the liquor vp, as't twere a Spunge;
But tis a Slouiens beastly *Pride*. I thinke,
To wash his beard where other men must drinke.

And

Superbiae Flagellum, or

And some (because they will not rob the cup,
Their vpper chaps like pot hookes are turn'd vp,
The Barbers thus (like Taylers) still must be,
Acquainted with each cuts variety :
Yet though with beards thus merrily I play,
Tis onely against *Pride* which I inueigh :
For let men weare their hayre or their attire
According as their states or minds desire,
So as no puff'd vp *Pride* their hearts possesse,
And they vse Gods good gifts with thankfulness.
There's many an idle shallow pated Gull,
Thinks his owne wisdom to be wonderfull :
And that the State themselues doe much forget,
Because he in authoritie's not set :
And hauing scarcely wit to rule a Cottage,
Thinks he could guid a kingdom with his dotage.
True wisdom is mans onely guide and guard,
To liue here, to liue better afterward.
It is a rich mans chiefe preheminance,
And tis a poore mans stay, and best defence.
But worldly wisdom is the ground of all
The mischiefes that to man did euer fall.
Gods wisdom is within the Gospel hid,
1. Cor. 2. 7. Which we to * search, are by our Sauour bid.

Thus

The VVhip of Pride.

Thus *Pride* of humane wisedome is all vaine;
And foolish fancies of mans idle braine.

Pride of our knowledge, we away must throwe

For he knowes most, which least doth seeme to

One Apple from the tree of life is more, (knowe

Then from the tree of knowledge halfe a score;

Tis good for vs to know our Masters will,

But the not doing it, makes knowledge ill.

Ther's many know, the Iust in heau'n shall dwell;

Yet they vniustly runne the way to hell.

The life Eternall no way can be wonne,

But to know God, and * *Iesus Christ* his Sonne.

Christ. (to his people) by his word and passion,

Taught men the ioyfull * knowledge of saluation.

I rather had by knowledge, raise my chance,

Then to be poore with barb'rous ignorance;

Yet better t'were I nothing vnderstood,

Then to know goodnes, and to doe no good.

Thus knowledge, worthy is of dignity,

But not to make the knowers proud thereby.

For if men would, to know themselves endeuer,

Pride of their knowledge would infect the neuer.

Pride of our riches is a painefull pleasure;

Like sumpter horses laden with rich treasure;

Against
Pride of
humane
knowledge

* Ioh. 17. 3:

* Luke 1. 73

Against
Pride of
riches;

So



Superbiae Flagellum, or

So Misers beare their wealth as they are able,
Till Death the hostler makes the graue their stable.
There's some take pride in treasure basely got,
Haue it, yet want it, as they had it not;
And though to get it, no vile meanes they spare,
To spend it on themselues they seldome dare;
How can a base extortionizing Bore,
Get riches ill, and giue God thanks therefore?
Tis all one, if a theife, a baude, a witch,
Or a Bribe-taker should grow damned rich,
And for their trash, got with their hellish pranks,
The hypocriticke slaues will giue God thanks.
No let the litter of such helhound whelpes,
Giue thanks to th'Deuill (author of their helpes)
To giue God thanks, it is almost all one,
To make him partner in extortion.
Thus if men get their wealth by meanes that's euil,
Let them not giue God thanks, but thank the deuill.
Yet wealth the gift of God hath euer bin,
But not such wealth that's onely got by sinne;
Nor any wealth if men take pride therein. }
And those who put their foolish confidence
In Riches, trusting to their false defence;
Those that with *Mammon* are bewitched so,

Our



The VVhip of Pride.

Our Sauour 'gainst them threats a fearefull * woe. * Luk. 2
Humility with Riches may be blest,
But *Pride's* a poyson God doth still detest.

Pride of our Learning's vaine, it doth appeare,
For though men study many a weary yeare,
And learn'd as much, as possibly the braine,

Against
Pride of
Learnin

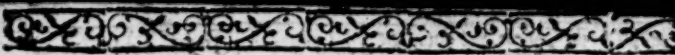
Or scope of mans Inuentions may attaine,
Yet after all their studies, truth doth show, (know,
Much more is what they know not, then they
To learne by bad mens vices, vice to shunne,
By good mens good, what should by vs be done;
This is the learning we should practise most,
Not to be proud thereof, or vainely boast.

A Princes fauour is a precious thing,
Yet it doth many vnto ruine bring;
Because the hauers of it proudly vse it,
And (to their owne ambitious ends) abuse it.

Against b
ing prou
of Princ
fauours.

If men that are so stately and so strange,
Would but remember how time oft doth change,
And note how some in former times did spread,
By their examples they would take some heed,
For as a cart wheele in the way goes round,
The Spoke that's high 't is quickly at the ground,
So Enuy, or iust cause, or misconceit,

Compari
son.

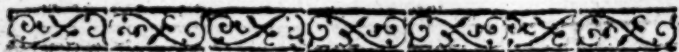


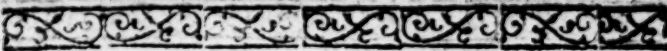
Superbiae Flagellum, or

In Princes Courts, continually doe waite,
That he that is this day *Magnifico*,
To morrow may goe by *Ieronimo*.
The spoakes that now are highest in the wheels,
Are in a moment lowest by the heeles.
Haman was proud, past reasons bounds or scope,
And his vainglory ended in a rope,
And his ten sonnes, in duty to obey
Their father, followed him the selfe same way.
Those men that harbour *Pride* within their brest,
Doe seldome end their daies in peace and rest.
But if they doe, disgrace and shame withall,
Are the chiefe waiters on their funerall.
Where honor is with noble vertue mix'd,
It like a Rocke stands permanent, and fix'd,
The snares of enuy, or the traps of hate
Could neuer, nor shall euer hurt that state:
Like Adamant it doth beat backe the battry,
Of spitefull malice, and deceiuing flattery,
For it with *Pride* can neuer be infected,
But humbly is supernally protected,
Such with their Kings shall euer be belou'd,
And like to fixed starres, stand fast, vnmon'd.
Those that are proud of beauty, let them know,

Their

inst
le of
uty.





The VVhip of Pride.

Their *Pride* is but a fickle, fading showe.
A smoake, a bubble, a time-tossed roye,
A Luna-like, fraile, euer changing ioy.
For as a tide of flood, flow'd to the height,
Doth (in a moment) fall to ebbing straight:
So beauty, when it is most faire and fine,
(Like new pluck'd flowers) doth presently decline.
That man or womans vertue doth extell,
If with their beauty chastity doth dwell:
But *Pride* of beauty is a marke most sure,
That th'owners of it, vse it to procure
The *Paphian* pastime, and the *Cyprian* game,
The sports of *Venus*, and the acts of shame,
To brecde the heat of *Cupids* lustfull flame. }
Oft beauty hath faire chastity displac'd,
But chastity, hath beauty euer grac'd.
For 'tis a Maxime, those haue euer bin,
That are most faire without, most fowle within.
Too oft hath beauty, by disloyalty,
Branded it selfe with lasting infamy,
That one fraile creature, (nobly well descended)
(Proud of her fairenes) fowly hath offended,
And on her house and kindred, laid a blot,
That the dishonor ne're will be forgot.



Superbiae Flagellum, or

But a faire feature vertuously inclin'd,
A beauteous outside, and a pious mind,
Such are Gods Images Epitomes,
And Cabinets of heauens blest treasures :
And therefore be thy feature, faire or foule,
Let inward vertues beautifie the soule.
Pride of our strength, shewes weaknesse in our wit,
Because the Chollicke, or an Ague fit,
The rooth-ach, or the pricking of a pin,
Of lets the strength out, and the weaknesse in.
The Tribe of *Dans* great glory, * *Sampsons* strength
By a weake woman was orethrowne at length.
And sure there's many do themselves much wrong
In being proud because they are made strong,
For a great number liuing now there are,
Can wastle, throw the sledge, or pitch the barre,
That on their backs foure hundred waight can bear
And horse shooes (with their fists) in sunder teare,
Yet neuer vse their strength in any thing,
To serue their God, their country, or their King.
But with outragious acts their liues pursue,
As if God gaue them strength but as their due,
As though they like the Gyants could remoue,
And hurle great mountaines at the head of *Ioue*,

Or



The V Whip of Pride.

Or like *Gargantua*, or *Polipheme*,
Or *Gogmagog*, their boystrous fancies dreame,
That they more wonders by thier strength can do,
Then *Hercules* could e're attaine vnto.
Let those *Goliaths*, that in strength take pride,
Know that the Lord of Hostes doth them deride,
And what they are (that proudly brag and swell
Of strength) let any man but note them well,
If hurt or sicknesse make their strength decay,
A man shall neuer see such Cowes as they.
Be'ng strong, their minds on God they neuer set;
In weaknesse, iustly he doth them forget :
Strength, thus like headstrong lades they do abuse
For want of Reasons bridle how to vse it. (it,
Pride of our children's vaine ; our proper stem
Must either dye from vs, or we from them.
If our examples of the life we liue
Inrich them not more then the gifts we giue,
If (disobedient) they despise instruction,
And will perversly runne into destruction ;
Much better had it bin, we had not bin
Begetters of such Imps of shame and sinne.
Children no duty to such Parents owe,
Who suffer vice their youth to overgrow,

Against
Pride of
our haui
children.

Superbiæ Flagellum, or

Neglect to teach thy sonne in younger yeeres,
He shall reiect thee in thy hoary haire,
The way to make our children vs obay,
Is that our selues from God runne not astray,
Such measure to our maker as we mete,
Tis iust, that such, we from our children get.
Th' Apostle *Paul* exhorterh more and lesse,
To be all children in maliciouſnes :
That is to say, as children harmeles be,
So we should from maliciouſnes be free. (stare,
Thus *Pride* of birth, apparell, wealth, strength,
And *Pride* of humane wiſedome God doth hate :
Of knowledge, learning, beauty, children and
The *Pride* of Princes fauour cannot stand.
And *Pride* in any thing shall euer more,
Be bar'd and shut from heau'ns Eternall doore,
For whosoeuer will belecue and looke,
Shall find examples in the sacred booke :
That God hath cuer 'gainſt the proud withſtood,
And that a proud heart neuer came to good.
Toby 4. He ſaith *Pride* is * destruction, and agen
Eccle. 10. That *Pride* is * hatefull before God and men :
How *Prides* beginning is from God to fall,
And of all sinne is the * originall.

Who

The V Whip of Pride.

Who taketh hold on *Pride*, in great affliction
Shall be o'rethrowne, sild with Gods malediction.

Pride was not made for man, man hath no part

In *Pride*, for God ^a abhorreth a proud heart,

And 'tis decreed by the Almightyes doome,

That *Pride* vnto a fearefull fall shall come.

A person that is proud, ne're pleas'd God yet:

For how can they please him whom they forget?

Yet as before I said, againe Ile say,

That *Pride* to such a height is growne this day:

That many a thousand thousand familie,

Wer't not for *Pride* would begge, or starue and dy.

And the most part of them are men of might,

Who in *Prides* quarrel will both speake and fight:

I therefore haue no hope to put her downe,

But Satyre-like, to tell her of her owne.

There is another *Pride* which I must touch,

It is so bad, so base, so too too much:

^b Which is, if any mans good fortune be,

To rise to Honorable dignitie,

Or through infirmity, or wilfulnes,

Men fall vnhappy into distresse.

That Libellers doe spirt their wits like froth,

To raile at Honor, and dishonor both.

Scuruy, & from scuruy to scabbed they proceed in time, with their botching,
to be termed (by knaues and fooles) scald Poets.

^a Prouerbe
16.

Pro. 29.

Eccle. 29.

Matt. 23.

Luke 14. 18

Luke 1. Lu-
deth 9.

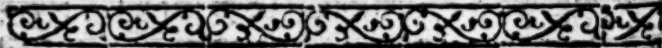
^b Against
libellers.
Most of
these libel-
lers haue
an Itching
veine of
Riming,
which with
much scra-
ching makes
scuruy lines
& so from
itch to
scratch, fro
scratch to

These



Superbiae Flagellum, or

These Mungrell whelpes are euer snarling still,
Hating mens goodnesse, glorying in their ill,
Like bloud-hound Curs they daily hunt and sent,
And rime and ligge on others detriment :
Supposing it a very vertuous thing,
To be an arrant Knaue in libelling. (wits,
Forsooth these Screech-owles would be cal'd the
Whose flashes flye abroad by girds and fits :
Who doe their mangy Muses magnifie:
Making their sport of mens calamity,
But yet for all their hatefull hellish mirth,
They are the vilest cowards on the earth :
For there's not one that doth a libell frame,
Dares for his eares subscribe to it his name.
Tis a base bruitish pride to take a pen,
And libell on the miseries of men ;
For why all men are mortall, weake and fraile,
And all, from what they should be fall and faile.
And therefore men should in these slip'ry times
Bewaile mens miseries, and hate their crimes :
Let him that stands take heed he doth not fall,
And not reioyce in mens mishaps at all.
It is too much for Libellers to meddle,
To make their Muse a Hangman or a Beadle :



The Whip of Pride.

At mens misfortunes to deride and iest,
To adde distresse to those that are distrest,
As I doe hold mens vices to be vile,
So at their miseries Ile neuer smile,
And in a word (lest tediousnesse offend)
A libeller's a Knaue, and there's an end.

Thus hauing of *Prides* various formes related
And how of God, and good men it is hated :
I thinke it fit some Lines in praise to write,
Of Vertues which to *Pride* are opposite.
For vice with shew of Vertue blindes the eye,
And Vertue makes vice knowne apparantly.
When falsehood is examin'd and compar'd
With Truth, it makes truth haue the more regard.
The Crow seemes blackest when the Swan stands
And goodnes makes the ill most bad appear: (near
So vertues that are contrary to vices,
Make them contemptible, and base in prices :
Humility, if it be well embrac'd,
It makes disdainfull *Pride*, disdain'd, disgrac'd:
Humility is a most heauenly gift,
The Stayre that doth (to Glory) men vp lift.
None but the meeke and lowly humbled spirit
Shall true eternall happinesse inherit :

The praise
of Humility

Those

Superbie Flagellum, or

- * Eccle. 19. Those that are humble honour * God alwaies,
And onely those will he to honor raise.
If thou bee st great in state, giue thanks therefore
And humble still thy selfe, so much the more.
He that is humble, loues his Christian brother,
- * Phil. 2. 3. And thinkes himselfe * inferiour to all other ;
Those that are meeke the Lord shall euer guide,
- * Psal. 25. 9 And * teach them in his wayes still to abide,
For though the Lord be high, he hath respect
- * Pl. 138. 6. Vnto the * lowly, whom he will protect.
Humility, and lowlineise goes on,
Still before honour, (as saith Solomon)
He that is humble heere and free from strife,
Shall for * reward haue glory, wealth, and life.
- * Prou. 22. 4. He that himselfe doth humble, certainly,
- * Mat. 23. 12. Our Sauour saith shall be * exalted high.
He that with Christ wil weare a glorious Crown
Must cast himselfe, (as Christ did) humbly down
And like to the rebounding of a ball,
The way to rise, must first be, low to fall.
For God the Father will accept of none,
That put not on the meeknes of his Sonne :
If Proudly thou doe lift thy selfe on high,
God and his blessings, from thee, still will fly :

The VVhip of Pride.

ut if thou humble, meeke, and lowly be,
God and his blessings will come downe to thee.
If thou wouldst trauell vnto heau'n, then know,
Humility's the way that thou must goe.
In presumptuous pathes of *Pride*, thou tread,
Tis the right wrong way that to hell doth lead.
Now that thy birth, attire, strength, beauty, place,
Are giu'n vnto thee by Gods speciall grace:
Now that thy wisdom, learning, and thy wealth,
Thy life, thy Princes fauour, beauty, health,
And whatsoeuer thou canst goodnes call,
Was by Gods bounty giu'n vnto thee all.
And know that of thine owne thou dost possesse,
Nothing but sinne, and wofull wretchednes,
Christians *Pride* should onely be in this,
When he can say that God his Father is.
When grace and mercy, (well applide) affoord,
To make him brother vnto Christ his Lord.
When he vnto the holly Ghost can say,
Thou art my Schoolemaster, whom I'll obey;
When he can call the Saints his fellowes, and
Say to the Angells, for my guard you stand;
This is a lawdable, and Christian *Pride*,
To know Christ, and to know him crucif'd.
This is that meeke ambition, low aspiring,

A *Pride*
which is fit
for all
estates.

Which

Superbiae Flagellum, or

Which all men should be earnest in desiring:
Thus to be proudly humble, is the thing,
Which will vs to the state of glory bring.
But yet beware; *Pride* hypocritically,
Put§ not humilities cloake on at all:
A lofty minde, with lowly cap and knee,
Is humble *Pride*, and meeke hypocrisie.
Ambitious mindes, with adulating lookes,
Like courteous Crowne-aspiring * *Bullinbrookes*;
As a great ship ill suited with small saile,
As *Indas* meant all mischeife, cride *All haile*,
Like the humility of *Absolon*:
This shadowed *Pride*, much danger waites vpon
These are the counterfeite (God saue yee Sirs)
That haue their flattries in particulars,
That courteously can hide their proud intents,
Vnder varieties of complements.
These vipers bend the knee, and kisse the hand,
And sweare, (sweet Sir) I am at your command.
And proudly make humility a screw,
To wring themselues into opinions view.
This *Pride* is hatefull, dangerous, and vile,
And shall it selfe (at last) it selfe beguile.
Thus *Pride* is deadly sinne, & sinne brings shame
Which heere I leaue to hell, from whence it came

FINIS.

King Henry
the 4.

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Ex